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# POEMS

Of War and Peace

P

America  
Red Cross Nurse  
Fields of France  
Killed in Action  
and  
Other Poems

BY A PLAIN BUSINESS MAN

NEW YORK





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1913

POEMS

OF

WAR AND PEACE

By A PLAIN BUSINESS MAN

*Harry A. Mann*

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

1920

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BOOK I

POEMS  
ON  
THE GREAT WAR



## AMERICA

Land of my birth—America,  
Land dear, so dear to me.  
I bow my head, America,  
In deep reverence my Land to thee.

Humanity called thee America,  
Far, far across the seas.  
Freedom was slowly dying, America,  
Her hands stretched out to thee.

Warm, warm was thy heart, America,  
Quick answered you the call.  
You sped your help, America,  
You gave your life, your all.

Your sons have died, America,  
Your people know the pain,  
They gave you their all, America  
But they gave it not in vain.

Oh dear, dear land, America,  
The world whispers soft and low,  
That sacred, holy name, America,  
The name that stemmed the foe.

The name that France is blessing,  
The name that England loves,  
The name of names, America,  
My Land, the Land I love!

## TO THE PEOPLE

We entered this War in the name of Love  
You believe that God the great God above  
Guided this Nation in her hour of need  
Blessed our Troop—Bade them God Speed  
If you do—Keep this Faith Divine  
Teach the Word this great Belief of thine  
Give in the name of Love and Faith fulfilled  
So the name of America shall be sacred still  
    To Pledges made and Flanders Fields.



## THE FIELDS OF FRANCE

Here on the battlefields of France,  
We jest with Death and take our chance,  
Here where the bullets thickly fly,  
We jest with Death nor fear to die,  
    On the Battlefields of France!

Every day someone has to go,  
We watch the lines of wounded flow,  
Back to the rear, back behind,  
Then jest with Death but never mind,  
    On the Battlefields of France!

America, England, Land of France,  
All thy sons here take their chance,  
Brothers all, we fear not to die,  
Here where the bullets thickly fly,  
    On the Battlefields of France!

Mother, Father, all we hold dear,  
Have for us no thought of fear,  
Though dear hearts you're far away,  
Your spirit, your love, is with us day by day,  
    On the Battlefields of France!

## THE AMERICAN FLAG

Fling wide thy folds to the breeze once more,  
Emblem of a free and united people ;  
Tell the world once more again  
That you stand, as always, for the rights of men.  
Not a flag of bloodshed or of aggression,  
Not a flag of cruel hate and wicked oppression,  
But a flag free as the winds of the air,  
Carrying liberty and protection of human rights every-  
where.

The pirates of Tripoli, that bandit crew,  
Learned once and for all their lesson from you.  
Now a pirate crew bloodier, wickeder than they  
Have raised their hand in hate to slay ;  
Have hurled defiance, my Country's Flag, at you.  
Again the world looks and wonders what you will do.  
Fling wide thy folds to the breeze once more,  
And as we have to enter this wicked war,  
Tell William of Germany and his pirate crew  
That these are the things you're going to do.

Sweep from the earth and from the sea  
All butchers and pirates such as he ;  
Protect the humble, help the down-trodden poor,  
Bind up the wounds of the stricken, help all to endure,  
Help all to forget his sin and wrong,  
Gather to your bosom that mighty throng,  
Who have suffered much but not in vain  
For freedom shall come and peace through all the pain.  
The Kaiser and Party have to go,  
But Germany shall live, born anew.  
Tell the world this, my Country's Flag,  
Say this is what thou shalt do.

Backed by the love of one hundred million people,  
Who thrill as they think what you mean to them,  
Peace on earth, Good Will toward men,  
Not a flag of conquest, not a flag of strife,  
But a flag of love, a flag of life,  
Life at its truest, purest, noblest, best.

## THE RED CROSS NURSE

Under the Red Cross I live or die,  
Out in the open, under the sky,  
Seeking them out in the fields of pain,  
Bringing them back to life again,  
Night or day, we know no time,  
My Cross and I!

Down the wards cool and white,  
Sleeping quiet, they rest at night,  
Silent watchers, we pass by,  
Silent watchers, My Cross and I,  
Breathing many a Prayer!

Hark! the cry of wounded men  
Calls for the stretchers once again,  
Suffering and pain ours once more to see,  
Courage, My Cross, strengthen, comfort me!  
The Battle's on again!

What of suffering, what of pain,  
What of battlefields with all the slain,  
What of death and danger, ever lurking nigh,  
We care not, mind not, My Cross and I,  
When saving men!

Gone to-morrow, here to-day,  
We Nurses shall pass on our way,  
Smiling, if we have to die in pain,  
Hearing our motto, our loved refrain,  
Under the Red Cross, I live or die,  
Out in the open, under the sky,  
Seeking them out in the fields of pain,  
Bringing them back to life again,  
Night or day, we know no time,  
My Cross and I!

## CANADIANS AT LOOS

Canada, My Canada! Land of the maple tree,  
My Country, Oh My Country, no land so dear to me,  
You called me, oh My Canada, I hastened at that call,  
I knew that I was leaving my homè, my life, my all.  
Canada, my Canada, I knew when leaving thee,  
I was going, oh my Country, to help set a nation free.  
I knew that I was going to the land where I might die,  
But you called me, Oh My Canada, to go was my reply.

My Country, Oh My Country, Land of the Great North-  
west,  
Mother of men who fear not nor flinch at the touch of  
Death.  
The Canadians of Loos salute thee, we about to die,  
But Canada, my Canada, the Germans passed not by!  
Thousands of thy sons are sleeping peacefully under the  
maple trees,  
They dream and smile as they listen to the rustle of the  
breeze.  
They leave you their inheritance, their honor won on that  
field of flame.  
To be thy monument, Oh My Country, their tribute to the  
name

C A N A D A !

## ON THE LOSS OF THE LUSITANIA

Germany thou hast taken thy place  
Among the assassins of the human race.  
Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, all look down  
In sad wonderment that such a nation could be found  
On God's green Earth as thou assassin, cultured Ger-  
many,  
Cursed be all the black hearts such a deed could do,  
Sending helpless women and children to such an end,  
Call you such cowards, Dastards, assassins, Christian  
men?  
Christ from His Cross looks down on such as they,  
And doubt it not even His great loving Heart  
Has no room for such as you and they assassin Germany.  
And when your hour of need comes as come it will,  
God press your cup of bitterness full to the brim and fill  
Each German Mother's heart with such wild despair  
As was with Mothers when sank the Lusitania.

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Great Empire, on whose possessions the sun never sets,

Well dost thou deserve that proud word—Great.

Great indeed thou art, for so thy Sons proclaim thee,

Sending their Legions forth from North, South, East  
and West,

To meet their common foe under thy banner—Honor.

Honor to thy plighted word, Honor to “a scrap of  
paper,”

Honor to a Nation sore beset, who called thee not in vain,

For linked with Belgian Glory is the name Britain.

High is the cost you pay for that word—Honor,

But when the years have rolled away,  
Standing clear as some bright star,

Shall stand in history Britain's part,

And thy Sons' Sons shall sing thy praise,

Toasting again and again their brave forbears,

But toasting above all and through all, Thy Great  
Honor.

## UNITED FOR VICTORY

Coming, coming, coming,  
We're coming over the sea.  
The soldiers and the sailors together  
To set the whole world free.  
United, United United,  
United for Victory.  
From the East and from the West,  
We are sending you our best,  
United for Victory!

### CHORUS

The Army and Navy are coming,  
Are coming to you o'er the sea,  
So hold up your end  
And we'll win in the end,  
United for Victory!  
The States they are sending their soldiers,  
They're swinging their men into line,  
So hold up your end and we'll win in the end,  
United for Victory!

Working, working, working,  
Our women are working all the time,  
Mothers and sisters and sweethearts,  
Back of the fighting line,  
United, United, United,  
United for Victory.  
From the East and from the West,  
We are sending you our best  
United for Victory!

## ALBERT, KING OF BELGIUM

King, without a country or a kingdom,  
Crushed beneath the iron heel of fate,  
Despoiled by might to rule no more.  
A banished exile, banished to some shore,  
There to eat thy proud heart out in gnawing pain,  
So say thy enemies; this is Germany's proud boast,  
But from out of the dark, hear raised that mighty shout,  
Nay 'tis not true, thou art a million times a King.  
A million, million hearts do thee proclaim  
Where freedom lives, where honor counts and love,  
Where dwell these fair traits of men,  
There dost thou rule in each free born heart.  
A man among men and therefore King,  
He sings best who sings the last,  
At least so 'tis told in prophecy of old.  
Fear not your star shall yet resplendent shine,  
Freedom's enemies, those enemies of thine,  
Shall bow their haughty heads to right.  
Honor dies not easily, nor does truth falter;  
Each their utmost give and give freely,  
Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
And so thy brave Consort and thyself shall know  
Peace and tranquility and a sweet old age,  
Blessed by a freed and loving people,  
Belgium, triumphant shall rise a recrowned Queen,  
Shall stand a monument for all time,  
To show the people of all the earth,  
That truth is and God is King;  
Fear not for thou shalt claim thy own again.



## THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The Sculptors of the Nations  
Are in council gathered 'round  
Seeking a marble, the finest marble  
That must, that shall be found  
A marble full of strength and grace  
A marble beautiful on which to place  
That figure wonderful, of form and face  
                                    The League of Nations  
For which the World has longed so long.

What shall that marble be  
What must its foundation be  
Fairness to one, squareness to all  
Unless this the marble's foundation  
Why hew the figure at all  
Without these it is bound to fall  
                                    The League of Nations  
So dear to all, so very dear to all.

Theory sculptors is a golden dream  
A dream beautiful, sweet, pure and clean  
But the world sculptors is a muddy stream  
Use the theory sculptors, the golden dream  
Build on it and clean the muddy stream  
But don't be misled by any golden dream  
                                    The League of Nations  
Must be no dream, no golden dream.

Back it sculptors with all your heart  
Give it sculptors an honest start  
Give power and strength to this figure bright  
Power to crush evil and defend the right  
Power if need be to fight, and fight, and fight  
Or else you have not started it right  
                                    The League of Nations  
The League of Right, the League of Right.

The Sculptors of the Nations  
Are in council gathered 'round  
Seeking a marble, the finest marble  
That must, that shall be found  
A marble full of strength and grace  
A marble beautiful on which to place  
That figure wonderful, of form and face  
                                  The League of Nations  
For which the World has longed so long.

#### UNCLE SAM'S BOYS

Some of us were Aviators  
And flew and flew and flew  
And some of us were Sailors  
And sailed the Ocean blue  
Some of us were Soldiers  
And took our chance on land  
Here we are back Home again  
The Same Old Loyal Band

#### OUT FOR BUSINESS

## KINDERGARTEN UNIT FOR FRANCE

For four long years—for four long years,  
Gone was the Smile of the Children.  
For four long years—for four long years,  
Gone was the Laugh of the Children.  
In the place of Smiles they knew Tears,  
In the place of Laughter they knew Fears,  
In the place of Tenderness they knew the blow,  
In the place of Caresses they knew the Foe.  
France—France, you were the land of Woe.  
For Gone was the Joy of the Children.

The Unit brought them Smiles in place of Tears  
The Unit brought them Laughter in place of Fears  
The Unit brought them Tenderness in the place of the  
blow,  
The Unit brought them Love in place of a Foe.  
The Unit taught them once more to know  
How to be Happy Children of long ago,  
And France Rejoices—Smiles—Laughs, Women and  
Men,  
For Hope and Courage are coming back again,  
Coming back with the Joy of the Children.

Americans—Look and see that desolate land  
Picture its fearful horror if you can,  
See its destruction every place and everywhere,  
Loaded down with its burden of sorrow—despair.  
Then think—oh, think what it must be  
For that Land to know—for that land to see  
Coming back the joy and smiles of her children:

Its Hope  
In the Children Lies France's Salvation.

## THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

Like some black storm cloud driven by the hurricane,  
Swept the German Army over Fair France.  
Driving the Army of the Republic back, back, back,  
Triumphant Germany amid the din of victory rushed to  
defeat.  
Defeat, ah who thought in those triumphant days of de-  
feat?  
Swifter, fiercer, stronger came the German host, in fierce  
attack,  
Back and still back fell the Armies of the Republic.  
Germany saw seventy over again raised the triumphant  
cry: Paris!

But amid the gloom of September Nineteen Fourteen  
stood a mighty figure  
Unbroken, undismayed, prolific, vibrating, life, strength,  
courage,  
In him, through him, by him lived the Armies of the Re-  
public.  
Joffre, Father, General, Comrade of all France,  
Against him broke the German wave, recoiled, broken to  
roll no more again  
And Paris heard the failing din, breathed and smiled  
again, Paris!

Then fierce as lightning came the French attack  
The swordsmen darting hither and thither,  
Till sore-bewildered Germany's proud host was driven  
back,  
The dead in heaps lay everywhere in countless numbers,  
Sons of France mingled with her deadly foe,  
None paused to wait, none dared to want to know  
The price paid in human life for Paris safe.  
All knew that heroes were, lived and died  
In that great sea of blood, that mighty tide  
That bathed anew Fair France and bade her live.

Long shall nations pause and tribute pay,  
And passing generations hail anew each year that day  
That marked the high tide of the German wave.  
Soft-spoken shall the name of that great battle be  
With tears, with smiles, with gentle bravery.  
But France triumphant shall rejoicing cry:

VIVE LE MARNE!

### THE GERMAN NAVY

Down the long line see them come,  
The conquered navy of the Hun,  
One by one in shame they pass from sight,  
No one cheers, cowards, men afraid to fight.

Men, women, children, the Lusitania dead,  
From out the sea lift their heads,  
Pointing with scorn at such a crew,  
Whispering these the cowards who us slew.

Jutland was more than they could face again,  
Frightened, cowardly, trembling, brutal men,  
When dared to come out and fight, fearful out they stole  
at night,  
Fearful mid fog and rain, under seas back they sneaked  
again.

The Allied Navy watched in sad surprise,  
While the world rubbed their dreaming eyes,  
Saying such cowardice never has been before,  
This, the saddest sight of all the war.

Farragut, Lawrence, Nelson, heroes of the sea,  
Turn in their graves, sick that there could be,  
Men called sailors so yellow through and through;  
Thank God! no country claims them Germany but you.

Down the long line see them come,  
The conquered navy of the Hun,  
One by one in shame they pass from sight,  
No one cheers, cowards, men afraid to fight.

## CHEVRONS

Soldiers they are kicking,  
Sailors madly kicking, too;  
All about the chevrons,  
Gold and white or blue.

Honor all the chevrons,  
All have done their part,  
Underneath the soldier's coat  
Beats a loyal heart.

Underneath the sailor's blouse  
Beats a heart of gold,  
Honor all the chevrons  
Blue or white or gold.

Chevrons, Chevrons, Chevrons,  
Gold and white and blue,  
You all have done your duty,  
Good men, brave and true,  
Some of you were lucky,  
Saw Service o'er the sea,  
But Chevrons, Chevrons, Chevrons,  
You all look good to me!

## FLAG DAY—1918

Over the country, near and far,  
The Flags are flying today.  
North, East, South and West,  
Hear what the Flags all say:  
United, United, United  
for  
Victory!

Over the country, near and far,  
The people are meeting to-day,  
North, East, South and West,  
Hear what the people all say:  
United, United, United  
for  
Victory!

Over the ocean, far away,  
The boys are fighting to-day,  
Boys of the North, East, South and West,  
Hear what they have to say:  
United, United, United  
for  
Victory!

So the Flags wave free  
Over our land from sea to sea,  
Over a people with purpose strong,  
To free the world, to right the wrong,  
United, United, United  
for  
Victory!

## UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!

Briton, your hour of triumph is near  
Let not slip one pearl, forget not one tear,  
Those pearls of victory and defeat, tear strung,  
The agonies of pain for four years wrung  
From out the hearts of all thy people  
Let not one pearl amid that precious string be strung in  
vain  
Pearls of honor, pearls of pain, pearls of anguish, pearls  
without a price.  
For you the poppy fields of Flanders cry:

## UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!

Land of Belgium, your hour of triumph is near,  
Thy King, Albert Beloved, man who knows no fear,  
Looks out across your fields once more,  
What can heal your hurts, ease the sore?  
Sore pain of thy sad years of slavery  
What will take away thy stricken people's fear?  
What bring the smile and dry the tears?  
The poppy fields of Flanders cry:

## UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!

La Belle France, your hour of triumph is near,  
Alsace-Lorraine proudly hear the glad, glad guns smiling  
in their slavery.  
Verdun's mighty heroes tranquil lie in their sleep  
As they feel the marching feet of Victory.  
Stricken cities forgetful of the beast live again  
Welcoming with glad hearts their brother men.  
All France with mighty purpose stern  
Faces the future while their cities burn.  
Crying, None shall die in Vain. Give us Death or Victory!  
For you, Oh France, the poppy fields of Flanders cry:

## UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!



Italy, sunny Italy, your hour of triumph is near,  
The Piave River hears the German whine of fear.  
Treachery tried thee to undo, tried thee to crush,  
But amid that fearful, awful rush,  
Thy sons, thy heroes, stood and died unbeaten.  
Their souls are crying, crying loudly, hear what say the  
dead:

Let us not have died in vain—  
For you, too, the poppy fields of Flanders cry:

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!

America; my land, my America! your hour of vindication  
and triumph is near,  
Washington, Perry, Farragut, Dewey, Grant, all hear  
The onward rush of thy marching, marching millions,  
Their spirits hover o'er thy heroes, thy devoted sons,  
Who call to thee from far-off France 'mid the thunder of  
the guns.

We look to thee to see we fight and die not in vain.  
Let your proud answer be—My Country to thy sons  
Till tyranny is crushed, till justice live and honor,  
Till mothers clasp their babes in safety and womanhood  
is sacred.

No truce, no peace, no stopping of the fight, for us, too,  
The poppy fields of Flanders cry:

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!

## KILLED IN ACTION

### Killed in Action!

How short these words, yet how complete!  
Stopping the pulsing heart,  
As if it ne'er again would beat.  
Changing the joy that was to bitter, bitter pain,  
Killed in Action, God give us strength to live again!

### Killed in Action!

Gone, gone, no more to come,  
Across the threshold of their home,  
Gone, gone forever, lost to sight,  
Killed in Action, God help us to read these words aright!  
To make them ever our watchword, our beacon light.

### Killed in Action!

Let these words open wide Heaven's gates,  
Let us see inside that mighty army of the slain,  
Who gave their all, but died not in vain.  
Let us hark to what they have to say:  
Trust, Love, have no fear,  
Bravely smiling, play your part day by day,  
Let the words Killed in Action our monument be  
Let them proclaim we died for Humanity,  
In Love's name play your part,  
Strong of soul, true of heart,  
So these words shall mean 'twixt us and thee,  
Our covenant sealed till life ends in Eternity,  
Our covenant of Sacrifice and Love!

## WAITING FOR MY BOY IN FRANCE

I promised that I wouldn't dance,  
Till my Boy came home from France,  
So I sit and knit all day,  
Waiting for my Boy from France.

Knitting, knitting, I sit knitting,  
Knitting for the Boys in France,  
Knitting, knitting, time is flitting,  
I'm waiting for my Boy from France,  
Please, oh please, can't I dance?  
Hurry up, dear boy, from France;  
Knitting, knitting, I sit knitting,  
Waiting for My Boy from France.

Swains may come and swains may go,  
But the dance I must forego,  
Every dance I knit and knit,  
Waiting for a Boy from France.

Knitting, knitting, I sit knitting,  
Knitting for the Boys in France,  
Knitting, knitting, time is flitting,  
I'm waiting for my Boy from France.  
Please, oh please, can't I dance?  
Hurry up, dear boy, from France;  
Knitting, knitting, I sit knitting,  
Waiting for My Boy from France.

## THE ENGINEERS BELOW

Down in the engine room below,  
The men are moving to and fro,  
They know nothing going on overhead,  
The engines are running, the fires are red,  
    In the engine room below.

The ship may sink for all they care,  
They know their duty—Stay Right There,  
Stay with their duty, for men can't fight,  
Unless the engines and the fires are right,  
    In the engine room below.

Heroes, heroes, far, far down below,  
Knowing you have no chance, no show,  
No excitement, no glory of the battle for you,  
Just plain duty you have to do,  
    In the engine room below.

Heroes of the engine crew,  
Here's a Medal of Honor for you.  
Here's my tribute, poorly paid,  
Men of courage, bravery, unafraid,  
    I lift my hat to you!  
    In the engine room below.

## NEUTRALS

It's not a question of nations,  
It's a question, Are you a man?  
It's brutality against clean civilization,  
By God! then be neutral, if you can.  
If you're neutral in face of conditions,  
If you're neutral in face of the things you know,  
Then some day your women and children  
Shall share Belgium's fate and woe.  
Neutral? neutral? while murder goes on its way?  
Neutral? neutral? while horrors pile up each day?  
Neutral? neutral? the badge of shame and disgrace?  
By God! it's not a question of nations,  
It's the fate of the human race!

Shirk your duty and call yourself neutral,  
Grab the dollar made in shame,  
But for each moment you stay neutral,  
Remember, some day you'll pay for the same.  
For if you're afraid now to be loyal  
To all that is best in the human race,  
Your place shall be in the place of the coward,  
And your end shall be one of disgrace,  
So don't hide under the word "neutral,"  
Just say, "I'm for the dollar bill;  
Let the world go on in mad fighting!  
Why should I care how much blood they spill?  
Let the Belgians be carried into slavery!  
Let the Lusitania be sunk over again!  
I'm Neutral! Neutral! Neutral!"  
By God! I'm ashamed of the name!!

## THE KAISER

The War Lord sat in his palace  
And a smile was on his face;  
He had news of a village pillaged,  
He had news of the women disgraced,  
He had news of the childrens' murder,  
Then he smiled at the setting sun,  
Smiled the smile of contentment  
As he thought of these deeds that were done.

But the hand of a stricken people  
Shall be raised in vengeance and hate;  
Let the War Lord smile in his palace,  
But let him beware of his fate.  
The cries of murdered women and children  
Shall not be raised to Heaven in vain;  
Let the War Lord smile in his palace,  
But let him beware of the rain  
Or hatred, vengeance and anger,  
Of misery, sorrow and pain  
That he has poured on the heads of the many,  
For in a torrent shall he receive it again.

## HARRY LAUDER

He came on the stage,  
With a braw, braw smile,  
Every inch of him a Scottish man,  
He sang his songs and cracked his jokes  
And we laughed as only a Lauder audience can.

We sang for him in chorus fine,  
Then he paused in the midst of his part,  
And he told us then the grief he knew  
And he spoke from the wells of his heart.

Cast out the Hun from the race of men!  
Cast out his language, too!  
For the tongue of the Hun and the work of the Hun,  
Are accursed by God and you.

## TO THE SCHOOLS

Every School Child must guarantee  
School to another child across the Sea  
Every child must do their own part  
To give the School Children of Europe another start  
Save your pennies, give, give and give  
So that the World's Children may learn and live  
Live and learn America keeps herself true  
To Faith, Love, Liberty, to them to you.  
Give and let the World's Children  
Know  
America Loves Children

## THEIR SACRIFICE

I conceived him, and I bore him,  
And I gave him to his Dad,  
I watched him from a baby  
Grow to be a little lad.  
Then when manhood had claimed him,  
I watched him march away,  
I gave him to his Country,  
What more can a mother say?

His father loved him dearly,  
Just as much as me,  
He gave him to his Country,  
It's as it ought to be.  
We would not have it different,  
Nor would we call him back again,  
For we gave him to his Country and his God.



## THE SALVATION ARMY

Their men in the front line trenches,  
Fearless of shot and shell,  
Serving the boys hot coffee  
Seeing they're treated well.  
Their lassies back on the roadside  
Mend the boys' clothes as they pass on their way  
That's the Salvation Army tribute  
As paid by our Army in France today.

## MEDICAL MEN

We belong to the Medical Corps,  
We don't have to go to War,  
But we're here all right,  
Working in the first line of fight,  
Afraid of nothing, here we stand,  
To save the life of any man.  
Friend or foe, we don't care,  
Only glad that we're there—  
There to do the best we can  
Saving the life of any man!



BOOK II

POEMS  
OF  
PEACE AND LOVE



## A CREED

What's the good of fretting,  
It will never be of help to you;  
What's the good of sweating,  
It will never pull you through;  
What's the good of crying,  
Smile even if you have to die,  
Give, Damn you! Give and beat it,  
Quit asking questions—Wondering why.

## RIGHT-OH!

A little work done each day,  
Done gladly, and done in the proper way,  
Done for pleasure, done for fun,  
Makes the day pass quickly  
Makes the work well done.

## PERFECT LOVE

The perfect love that makes the perfect life,  
That glorifies the woman and crowns the wife,  
That turns the man and brings him to her side,  
Is simply human love by Christ love glorified.  
Human love, the sweetest thing on earth,  
The fairest treasure inherited at birth,  
Common to rich, to high, to low,  
The most sacred thing that man can know,  
The greatest thing that he can do  
When passing on his journey through,  
He turns at length to her, his better part,  
And lies safe buried in a woman's heart.  
And perfect love is each woman's due,  
Man owes it to her, she likewise too,  
Less for each to offer were disgrace,  
'Tis not love of form or face,  
But love of body, soul and mind,  
The three in one, Perfect Love Divine.  
The perfect love that makes the perfect life,  
That glorifies the woman and crowns the wife,  
That turns the man and brings him to her side,  
Is simply human love by Christ love glorified.

## CITY LIFE

With one mad rush, without hinder or delay,  
The mighty city wakes to life, then rushes on its way.  
The toiler rising early, the banker rising late,  
But once the throttles open wide,  
No one has time to wait.  
It's hustle in the Subway, running for a car,  
It's one mad rush and jumble,  
And lo, there you are!  
The toiler in the factory, the banker in the Street,  
Good-day, good-bye, see you later,  
If, perchance, you happen to meet.  
It's the same way in the evening until you get to bed,  
God knows how we are doing it,  
But we'll do it till we're dead!

## ROSES

Each flower is a perfect sonnet,  
Sweeter far than written by man,  
Each Flower is a living creation,  
That only a God can plan.

## MY GOLDEN LAND OF DREAMS

Dreaming, dreaming, in a Land of Dreams,  
Wondering if dreams come true,  
Seeking the future, my own sweetheart,  
Dreaming and dreaming of you.

Dreaming, dreaming, in a land of dreams,  
Wondering who you will be.  
Dreamland—my Golden Land of Dreams,  
Tell me, who will he be?

In my golden land of dreams,  
In my golden land of dreams,  
I have no fear, for love's ever near,  
In my golden land of dreams.



## A PRESCRIPTION FOR THE BLUES

Let yourself go idly dreaming,  
Chasing rainbows in the sky,  
Building castles all of fancy,  
Asking questions, wondering why.  
Seeking fields of new elisium  
Realms never trod before by man,  
Doing things of untold valor,  
In one word, playing fairy-land.  
Seeing kings and queens and fairies,  
Playing you are happy too,  
This is my prescription given,  
To be taken when you're blue!

## FAITH

Faith, an invisible something to hold fast to,  
Intangible, yet an actual fact.  
Something to grasp with spirit stout,  
To hold on to, regardless of fear or doubt,  
A reality existing without existence,  
And yet the very essence of life.  
Faith, that is the soul's comrade,  
The one great thing in life,  
Without it love lies dead and cold,  
Without it ambition crumbles, all things mould,  
Turning away with trembling feet,  
Life old or young dare not life meet,  
With Faith to lead you by the hand,  
Frailty becomes strength, life grand  
Each one eager to play their part,  
Strong of soul, pure of mind, brave of heart.

WILLIE COLLIER  
In  
NOTHING BUT TRUTH

Watch Your Step, Stop, Look, Listen, Pause and Hesitate  
Dear Public, don't pass on your way,  
Don't miss the theatrical hit of the season,  
Willie Collier, in that laughable play—

NOTHING BUT TRUTH!

Pass the good news on to all others,  
After you've seen this theatrical treat,  
Take it from me, Nothing But Truth and Willie Collier,  
Are a rare combination in their class nothing can beat.

While the rest of the cast is stunning,  
Each part is so perfectly done,  
The clergyman howling for his money,  
And Mabel, don't miss it, just come!

From the moment the curtain rises,  
Clean through to the end of the play,  
You're borne out on a sea of laughter,  
While round you the little waves play.

Of humor so bright and so brilliant,  
Your mind is blinking as your eyes in the sun,  
Don't miss it, dear Public, don't miss it,  
For goodness sake, don't miss it, just come!

## APRIL SHOWERS

Winter is over—Snow is gone  
Springtime it is here.  
Summer time is close at hand  
Then comes the fall of the year.  
Nature awakens at April's call  
Swift respond the seasons one and all  
To the Pitter-patter as the raindrops fall,  
of Spring.

Gliding swift have the days gone by  
Soon once more the snowflakes fly  
Back once more has winter come  
So the full year its course has run  
But again the seasons cry  
Pitter-patter—April rain,  
Bring the flowers to us again  
April rain.

### CHORUS:

Pitter-patter comes the rain  
Splashing on the window pane  
April showers bring May flowers  
Pitter-patter, rain, April rain.

### TRY IT

To fly in the sky  
As the clouds roll by  
Is something you want to do

Take a look at the earth  
Take a look at the sea  
Take a look at life  
Then fly with me

I AM THE AVIATOR.

## ADVICE

With the World we're growing older  
But our hearts are growing young,  
We welcome the swift passing years  
We live amid the young.

Grow old—Grow old—but gracefully  
Grow old—but still keep young.  
Give the World your heart's great love  
Then let the swift years come.

The smiles of Little Children  
Twine roses around our hearts  
The joy of younger people  
Makes new our dear old hearts.

Grow old—grow old—but gracefully  
Love all who come your way.  
Strew flowers and sunshine on your path  
As through this world you stray.

## FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES

Sweet Singer to whose wondering soul  
The voice of God did speak,  
And bade you write nor silent be.  
We mourn your loss, 'tis Heaven's gain.  
We know you not, nor ever will,  
Except through those sweet verses you have sung,  
But still we claim you for our own  
And mourn your death while yet so young.  
Be well content, you have not lived in vain.  
Nor are you dead, but live in each refrain  
That fills thy work, thy Love Triumphant  
And so farewell, a long farewell,  
Our loss is Heaven's gain.

## AERO POLICE MARCH

The dainty little burglar  
When he's been burgling all the day,  
When he's been a busy Lizzie  
And has had no time to play,  
Has just learned that he's in trouble,  
For the news has just got out.  
Listen and I'll tell you  
What the news is all about:

### CHORUS:

Burglars beware, for the cops are in the air,  
Circling round and looking down  
Every place and everywhere.  
Burglars, have a care!  
For the cops are in the air,  
Circling round and looking down  
Every place and everywhere.

## THE TRAVELERS

Oh, every place and everywhere  
On the ground and in the air  
The Travelers lead the way  
They are taking the fear  
Out of flying this year  
And out it ever will stay.

We write you complete  
Give you a policy neat  
As you circle high overhead  
In the train—in the plane  
It's all just the same  
The Travelers have spoken—enough said

YOU'RE SAFE

and

INSURED

AN AUSTRALIAN'S LOVE FOR HIS TEAM,  
BOOTS AND SOCKS

Memory is a strange companion  
She leads you here, she leads you there.  
Back along the years that have been,  
Back to years full of love, full of cares.

But my friends and precious comrades,  
As she leads me back to you,  
All I think of, all I dream of  
Are two comrades staunch and true.

Fourteen years we were together,  
Don't you think that in that time  
One should learn to know another  
Dear old comrades, friends of mine?

Yes, yes, we know each other,  
Took each other at each other's worth.  
Fourteen years we played the game together  
Then you'd earned your rest on earth.

Team of horses without equal  
Known the countryside, near and far,  
I don't know if there is a horse's heaven,  
If there is, well there you are.

But before you went the long way  
That all life on earth must go,  
You had rest my friends and comrades  
Rest the best a team could know.

Rest with care and gentle treatment,  
And each year a festal day,  
When my whistle in the meadow  
Called you from your rest or play.

I can see you stop and listen,  
Then as once again the signal rang,  
Swift you answered to that signal  
For you knew that but one man.

Knew that note and how to give it,  
And you knew that man was me.  
Come four hundred miles of distance  
Travelling far by land and sea.

Come four hundred miles of distance,  
To keep the tryst twixt you and me!

#### BYE-BYE LAND

Bye-Bye Land is a pleasant place  
That tired people love to see;  
It's peopled with all kinds of things  
As sweet as sweet can be.  
There are lots of pillows in Bye-Bye Land,  
And cosy corners, too,  
And cushions of down to lie upon,  
And all dreams there come true.  
And the tired have rest in Bye-Bye Land,  
The sick are strong and well.  
Oh, don't I wish that I could see  
All the wonders that they tell;  
Told by people who've been there  
And come back to let you know,  
That Bye-Bye Land is a wonderful place,  
Composed of sunshine, summer and snow;  
It just depends on the people you see,  
Who go to that wonderful place.  
Some like summer, some like flowers,

But all love the dear, dear place.  
'Tis the place of dreams,  
'Tis the place of hope,  
'Tis the kingdom of child or man,  
It's the wonderful, wonderful land of hope,  
This place called Bye-Bye Land.  
You reach the land by different routes,  
It depends who you may be;  
The child slips off to Bye-Bye Land  
Asleep on the mother's knee;  
The man he nods perchance in his chair,  
And falls asleep by the fire;  
And woman reaches Bye-Bye Land  
Too oft through that word called Tire.  
It's reached in all kinds of ways,  
And the journey's mighty sweet;  
And when you arrive in Bye-Bye Land,  
You've lots of friends to meet.  
Giants and Fairies, Knights and Barons bold,  
The stories of childhood all are there;  
Only they're acted, not simply told,  
They are truly real there.  
Bye-Bye Land is a pleasant place,  
That tired people love to see;  
It's peopled with all kinds of things,  
As sweet as sweet can be.



## LOVE IS ALL

I saw her, but she saw me not,  
My Lady Love.  
I called her, but she minded not,  
My Lady Love.  
For she was proud and of high degree,  
Haughty she was, nor looked at me,  
My Lady Love.  
Humbly I stood while she passed by,  
My Lady Love.  
High her head, and proud her eye,  
My Lady Love.  
And yet, withal, she was perfect Grace,  
Exquisite of form and fair of face,  
My Lady Love.  
And why should she look at me?  
My Lady Love;  
For such a one as I was not to be for her,  
My Lady Love.  
Naught but a king should claim her hand,  
Born to rule, she should command,  
My Lady Love.  
I am a maker of verse and rhyme,  
But I shall love thee for all time,  
My Lady Love.  
A love that you shall never know  
But still shall guard and guide where'er you go,  
My Lady Love.  
Here in my humble little cot,  
My Lady Love,  
Loved by some, by some forgot,  
My Lady Love,  
I'll read and dream and think of thee,  
And pray God's love to follow thee,  
My Lady Love.  
Hark, my gate is opened for  
My Lady Love,

And she has crossed my humble door,  
     My Lady Love.  
 No haughty maid is this I see,  
 But smiling she stands to welcome me,  
     My Lady Love,  
 And in her hand my hand she takes,  
     My Lady Love.  
 Then my soul springs wide-awake,  
     My Lady Love.  
 She has heard of my work and fain would hear  
 The rhyme and rythm that to her are dear,  
     My Lady Love.  
 And so my best I tried to do,  
     My Lady Love,  
 While all my soul spoke to you,  
     My Lady Love.  
 She is gone but she will come again,  
 And I, once more, shall see, happiest of men,  
     My Lady Love.  
 Weeks have flown, months have fled,  
     My Lady Love ;  
 The miracle has happened, we are wed,  
     My Lady Love.  
 Vanished barriers of all degree,  
 Proudly she owned that she loved me,  
     My Lady Love.  
 Break forth, Oh Love, rejoicing cry,  
 "Love is king, Love can never die.  
 Station and rank before him fall,  
 Other things count not, Love is all.  
 Man for woman, woman for man,  
 Mate seeks mate, so God planned."  
 And when at length the years have flown,  
 Those rightly mated cry again,  
 "Other things count not, Love is all,  
 Man for woman, woman for man,  
 So God ordered, so God planned."

## STAR OF MY NIGHT

When gloom surrounds me and I see  
No sign of hope, no ray of light for me,  
And only faintly thy rays are shining seen,  
Star of my night still shall thou be  
My all, my guide, my strength to me,  
    Star of My Night.

He wrote these lines, then paused to read them;  
Liked them, loved them, then whispered, "God speed  
    them",  
Smiled at his foolishness, then pondered on his smile;  
Pondered, hesitated, was lost as he pondered a while,  
Lost in the face that his fancy drew;  
A face that smiled, a face so true, so strong yet beautiful,  
Then smiled again, for the face was you.  
    N'est Pas?

Speak gently, for a fool has spoken,  
Pity him, let not the Golden Rule be broken,  
Love your brother as yourself,  
Give to him, share with him all thy wealth.

(Written on the picture drawn by Nell Brinkley in the  
New York Journal called "Star of My Night.")

And each man has some one who is the "Star" of his life.

## GARDEN FLOWERS

Garden Flowers, Garden Flowers,  
Oh for the hours I've spent with you.  
Dreams of the past, dreams of the past,  
Dreams so sweet, too sweet to last,  
Garden Flowers.

Tell me the story, Garden Flowers, do  
Tell me the story I once knew with you.  
Over and over repeat again and again  
That old sweet story of maids and men.

Each one different, each one new,  
But old as the hills, Garden Flowers, to you.  
But each time told to you dearer still,  
Whisper my story, dear flowers, if you will.

I beg and long to know again, and feel the joy,  
The bliss and happiness I knew as man and boy;  
But above all to know once more that exquisite bliss  
That came, Oh Garden Flowers, in that first kiss  
Of her I love.

You saw us, and you blessed us then,  
You smiled and loved the ways of maids and men,  
You gave gladly of your own sweet flowers,  
You held us in your arms as fast fled the hours,  
Oh Garden Flowers.

## BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY IN A MAJOR No. 7

The melody of Heaven,  
Poured out through the soul of man,  
Dreaming I heard the words,  
As swift the music ran.  
Violin, flute, reed and cello,  
Blending in one sweet accord.  
I breathed the words over and over,  
'Twas like the voice of Heaven's Lord.  
This wonderful transpiring music,  
Played by the hands of men  
Composed by the soul of a master,  
I listened enthralled to the end.

## WHAT ALL TRUE MEN AND WOMEN KNOW

Oh what we suffer in love's name,  
Choking down the sorrow, bearing the pain,  
Smiling, bravely smiling,  
As we watch the sunbeams pass us by.  
But the tear for all our trying  
Will overflow the eye.  
Yet, when the day is over,  
If our effort has been true,  
Comes a sense of rest and peacefulness,  
And a vision, dear, of you.  
The heart that has been breaking,  
Gathers courage once anew,  
The courage that was failing,  
Springs to life because of you.  
Yes, the noblest that is in us,  
Smiles resolved to bear all pain  
Because the best of anything in life  
Is born in love's dear name.

## JUST 'CAUSE

I am wearying for you, honey,  
'Cause, well 'cause, just 'cause,  
You're sweeter than the fragrance of the rose,  
You're fairer than a summer day,  
When earth, trees, rivers, all at play  
Say Come!

I'm wearying for you, honey,  
'Cause, well 'cause, just 'cause,  
You mean to me a happiness complete,  
'Cause you're just the flower of God,  
Blessing me and blessing all you meet.  
Say Come!

I'm wearying for you, honey,  
'Cause, well 'cause, just 'cause,  
You're YOU!

## THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Thou wondrous web of spider man,  
Thou vast, thou great, thou mighty span  
From tower to tower he spun his way  
Now back, now forth, from day to day,  
We scarce believed our senses when  
Amid the strands we saw the men  
Like tiny spiders to and fro,  
Carrying the wires which soon must grow  
Into the cables which support  
The tracks and roads of iron wrought.  
But as the spiders so they spun  
At length, at last, the bridge was done,  
And now across this mighty span  
Rushes the swollen sea of man,  
Treating this work, this wonder wrought,  
As if it were but common sort.  
And since the city is no more,  
You'll be a monument to her fame,  
And let the world know a city bore the name  
Brooklyn!

## HER SOUL

Her Soul was like the essence of the sweetest rose;  
So sweet—so pure—so truly true,  
And with it all so womanly human.  
The glory of her wondrous, wondrous eyes  
Revealed the greater glory of her Soul,  
And her dear Soul relit anew  
The glory of her wondrous, wondrous eyes:  
What was there left for me to do

BUT LOVE HER?

## MY ACTRESS

Just a beautiful woman, that's all  
Crowned with genius and ability.  
While underneath the crown lie hid  
All the wondrous womanly virtues  
And along with the virtues all the sweet vanities  
Dear to hearts of all womankind.  
Love of pretty things that makes a woman fair,  
Laces and silks, hats and gloves, dresses of fabric rare,  
Slippers and shoes, all things complete,  
That dress my lady, from head to feet.  
She loves them all, My Actress.  
But books she loves, books that tell  
Of all things done, bad or well,  
Romance, history, science, art,  
All things that appeal to mind and heart,  
She loves them all, My Actress.  
Pray, can you see this actress friend of mine—Can't you?  
Well, take any friend of thine.  
Multiply her virtues a million times,  
And then you know My Actress.

## WHAT WE ARE

It's not what we have been, Sweetheart,  
It's not what we have been, you and I,  
It's not the pain and the sorrow we've come through,  
That counts, dear Love, with you and I;  
It's the present, with its hope for the future,  
With its sunshine, with its smile,  
It's just the fact that we are dear,  
That makes life and this world worth while.

## THE HOUSE THAT HAS BEEN

I dwelt in the house that has been,  
All its rooms were made of glass,  
I could see all the shadows that had been  
Come and go, pass and re-pass.  
And I cling to the house that has been,  
Stretch my hands to the ones that were,  
With my heart and my soul broken,  
I cannot move nor stir.  
A million voices call me,  
Voices clear and sweet,  
But the voice of sorrow holds me,  
Bound tight in my heart's retreat.

## DESPAIR

She was my soul,  
Within me dwelt her spirit,  
Her heart to mine was wedded, we twain were one,  
In body, soul and mind.  
An essence she was, so sweet, so strong, so pure  
That through my being she found her way  
Possessing, holding, guarding, loving,  
Galvanizing into life that poor thing  
I called myself, and yet she died.  
And so she left me a burnt out fire,  
A sepulchre of dead and crushed desire,  
A tomb in which love lay cold and dead,  
A soul without a soul, a spirit fled,  
Following in frenzy where her soul might be  
Crying the cry of those who lose,  
“Wait, oh wait, my love, for me!”



## NIGHT

The terror of your childhood,  
From which in vain you ran away,  
Only to find it waiting you  
When you came to the close of day.  
And when you had grown older  
The night with its terrors fled,  
No more of the fearful gobelins,  
Which scared when you went to bed.  
Night had become your comrade,  
Secrets to her you'd confess,  
Stories full of happiness and pleasure,  
Things that you scarcely dared to guess.  
Night with its thousand odors,  
Of earth and flowers and trees,  
Night with its whispering stories,  
Borne on the soft-coming breeze  
Night like the arms of a mother,  
With its darkness wraps you round,  
And peace comes stealing on you,  
With feet that make no sound,  
Nothing you hear save the stars talking  
By flashlight in the sky,  
And the sigh of the trees in the forest  
When the night wind is stealing by.  
Dear friend of the tired and weary,  
Here is a toast I give to you,  
The day is fair and beautiful,  
But most of all I sing of you.  
Your great and glorious wonders  
That thrill one through and through.

## WHY, AND BECAUSE

Why hope, when hope is dead?  
Why trust, when trust is fled?  
Why live, when life is not worth living?  
Why give, when you have not the heart for giving?

Because Hope—Real hope never dies.  
Because Trust—Real trust never truly flies.  
Because to Live—Is the only noble part.  
Because to Give—Makes new the heart.  
Because we're Men!  
Because we're Women!

## EARTH AND THE OCEAN

Break thou waves upon the shore,  
Break thou waves and madly roar,  
Hurling and flinging thyself in spray  
As if to wash old earth away.  
Long and fierce has been thy attack,  
Long and nobly she has driven thee back,  
Now learn thou proud and restless sea,  
That now and forever she conquers thee.

## ELIZABETH OF ST. LUKE'S

*(Written on a case of Infantile Paralysis)*

Her hair is brown, so are her eyes,  
Her disposition like the sunny summer skies  
Make all who meet her love her dear;  
St. Luke's will miss her when she is not there.

Good luck, Elizabeth; good luck to you;  
Stick to it, Elizabeth; you'll pull through  
Some day—some time your turn will come  
For frolic, pleasure, joy and fun.

*A Remembrance by One Who Saw the Production of*

“TRILBY”

*Twenty Years Ago*

Good evening, my friends, how do you do?

You don't know who I am, but I know you.

Taffy, the Laird and Billy, Trilby, the tone deaf one,  
Svengali, the great musician, Zou-Zou so full of fun,  
Gecko, the gentle Gecko, yet a lion for Trilby's sake,

The merry men and maidens, who make the studio wake  
To the sounds of joy and laughter, here's friendship one  
and all,

I who sit in the orchestra, over the foot-lights call.

Twelve times I've been to see you, twelve times I've  
passed you by,

Sighed when you were sighing, cried when you would  
cry,

Laughed when you were laughing, spoke to you from my  
seat,

Yet it has so chanced to happen, we have never hap-  
pened to meet.

Good evening, my friends, how do you do?

You don't know who I am, but I know you,

Taffy, the Laird and Billy, Trilby the tone deaf one,  
Svengali, the great musician, Zou-Zou so full of fun,  
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I who sit in the orchestra, over the foot-lights call.

Good evening, my friends, how do you do?

You don't know who I am, but I know you.

## TO MY WIFE

Sweet vision, my reality, my life,  
Fairest of all women,  
My other self, my wife,  
Once an earthly presence,  
Now on earth no more,  
Can you see me, Sweetheart,  
From that other shore?  
Are you thinking of me  
As you did when here?  
Does your love surround me,  
Won't you tell me, dear?  
Earth so strange and lonely,  
Since you went away;  
Flowers and trees and sunshine,  
No longer seem to play.  
People all look different,  
Not the same to me;  
Tell me what's the matter,  
Tell, what can it be?  
Is it that I'm faulty,  
Gone wrong in the head?  
Or is it, my own Sweetheart,  
Simply you are dead?  
No, Sweetheart, you're living,  
Just as much to me.  
Guiding, guarding, helping  
On life's troubled sea.  
I will seek the future  
With a calmer heart;  
Try now in my living  
Just to do my part.  
Sweet vision, my reality, my life,  
Fairest of all women,  
My other self, my wife,  
Yes, I know you love me;  
More, and more, and more,  
Your dear eyes are watching

From that other shore.  
Your dear arms are yearning  
Just to hold me tight;  
The reason I am as I am,  
Lies in your love's great might.

### THE STORY OF THE BREEZE

Once a tiny little breze came whispering gently 'mid the  
leaves of all the trees,

Whispering as it wandered to and fro:  
I bring a message from God to you below:  
Be Beautiful, Be Beautiful, Be Beautiful!

Slipping away from the trees on wandered the little  
breeze

Till it reached very low, just where the green grass was  
wont to grow.

There it whispered soft and low:  
I bring a message from God to you below:  
Be Beautiful, Be Beautiful, Be Beautiful!

So the little breeze in passing by kissed the flowers,  
And with a sigh whispered, 'ere I fade away to die  
I bring a message from God to you below:  
Be Beautiful, Be Beautiful, Be Beautiful!

And then the little breeze, its work done, followed fast  
the setting sun and was gone.

But still the world hears its song:  
Be Beautiful, Be Beautiful, Be Beautiful!

## THE STORY OF THE FLOWERS

The violet to the orchid said,  
“Since we’re joined together,  
Let’s be the sweetest of bouquets,  
By Cupid put together.”  
“Agreed at once,” the orchid said,  
“Perchance something we’ll hear,  
For don’t you know that we are called  
A corsage bouquet, my dear?  
And close beneath her heart we’ll lie,  
And if we listen well,  
I think that we shall hear a tale  
Her sweetheart has to tell.  
And we shall know with every beat,  
What her Sweet-Heart may feel,  
While her sweetheart, with trembling heart  
To her his love reveals.”  
So close beneath her heart they lay,  
And whispered to each other,  
As in a bashful, happy way,  
She listened to her lover.  
They whispered soft, they whispered low,  
The flowers of that bouquet;  
They listened to her beating heart  
And knew what she would say.  
They knew that she was saying “Yes,”  
And other things as well,  
I think a kiss they saw her give,  
But this they would not tell.  
And then I think they knew no more,  
For strange as it may seem,  
The violet and the orchid then  
Were lost in their own dream.  
The orchid whispered gently,  
“Oh violet, love me, too.  
You’re sweeter far than she is,  
And I love you just as true.”  
And so beneath her heart they lay,

And courted one another,  
And soon the orchid knew his fate,  
'Twas "Yes" just like the other.  
Happy woman, happy man,  
Happy flowers as well,  
Don't think that this is fiction,  
This story that I tell.  
I saw it all enacted;  
Perchance, I played my part;  
I heard the flowers talking,  
And I looked down in their hearts.

### OH LOVE OF MINE

Oh Love of Mine, what matters it if you and I  
Have passed through a sea of sorrow infinite?  
Oh Love of Mine.

Oh Love of Mine, the tears that have been  
Are precious for as we shed them we grew to be  
Closer, nearer to our fellows in pity infinite.  
Oh Love of Mine.

Oh Love of Mine, where got you the beauty of your face?  
Its wondrous tenderness.  
So full, so full of love, of love infinite.  
Oh Love of Mine.

Oh Love of Mine, the purity that looks from out thy soul  
That hallows thy dear body.  
Whence came it except through pain infinite.  
Oh Love of Mine.

Oh Love of Mine, Love, Pity, Tenderness, Purity,  
These pearls of sorrow all are thine.  
Dost wonder that I bow my head in prayer?  
And kneel before thy shrine?  
Asking that I too like thee may be,  
Oh Love of Mine.

## THE REAL STORY OF ADAM AND EVE

Eve was worth all the trouble she brought,  
Eve was worth all the sin she taught,  
You take Eden, leave Eve to me,  
Eve's worth all the trouble she brought.

Eve was a lady, welcome on earth,  
All Nature rejoiced at the hour of her birth.  
Eden was lonely, a poor place at best,  
Till Eve decided that there she would rest.

Life became beautiful, all things took a brace,  
Eden was proud of her—the mother of the race,  
We all rejoice in her, glad of that day,  
When Eve stopped at the Garden, didn't pass on her way.

She never gave Adam an apple at all,  
She never received callers, the serpent least of them all.  
She simply tipped Adam that his family would grow  
To the great human race, a thing Adam should know.

For Adam was prudent and wise for a man,  
Took time by the forelock, then started his plan,  
Result was the exodus leaving Eden behind,  
Adam was no fool, Adam was a man with a mind.

He saw all the future as we live it to-day,  
Eve gave him descriptions of the girls of to-day,  
Don't you think they didn't revel in the thing they were  
doing!  
Take it from me, neither Adam or Eve were regretting or  
stewing.

They just left the Garden to the animal race,  
Forgot all about it, just took their own place.  
Joined hands, faced the future, knowing what it would be.  
Adam said to the monkey, keep the Garden, leave Eve  
to me.



For Eve was a lady welcomed on earth,  
All Nature rejoiced at the hour of her birth,  
Eden was lonely, a poor place at best,  
Till Eve decided that there she would rest.

Eve was worth all the trouble she brought,  
Eve was worth all the sin that she taught,  
You take Eden, leave Eve to me,  
Eve's worth all the trouble she brought.

### MY BROTHER'S WIFE

Black hair that makes the night seem tame,  
Brown eyes that twinkle with a flame  
That makes the jealous stars ashamed.  
A mouth not meant for men to kiss,  
A nose of Grecian perfectness,  
Small hands, trim feet and slender form,  
Just blushing into woman's charms,  
Eyes, nose, hands, feet and hair,  
All for that rascal standing there!

### HOME\*

Let me rest on your breast  
In the home that I love so  
Let me rest on your breast  
Let me once more sweetheart know  
All the bliss of the kiss  
That you gave so long ago  
Let me rest on your breast  
In the home that I love so.

\* Home is the heart of a woman.

AN INVITATION TO MARY CROUCH AND  
OTHERS:

“Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden  
grow?

With sugar and spice, and everything nice, and daffodils  
all in a row.”

That’s the rhyme we used to learn, Mary, long ago:  
But you’re quite another Mary; you’re a witch, a perfect  
fairy,

Never naughty or contrary, never, Mary, no.

So, you witch, you fairy, Mary, ask your Aunt to let us go  
Where the Hudson River’s flowing, where the autumn  
winds are blowing;

Where the autumn woods are calling, where the chestnut  
burrs are falling;

Where the winter frosts are nipping, where the leaves are  
madly skipping—

Come on, Mary, let us go. Please ask her, please, to let  
us go—

CHESTNUTING!

October 3rd, 1916.

## INSURANCE IN THE STARS

Before the War I walked the earth,  
But was not worth a damn.  
Then I learned to fly and rode the sky,  
In my good old aeroplane.

Venus and Mars, and all the Stars,  
Are very dear friends of mine,  
With one and all I've got the call  
I write their Insurance Line!

I've got the blues, the aviation blues,  
I've got to be on my way.  
I've got to fly and ride the sky  
To drive the blues away.

I've got to call on Venus and Mars  
I've got to call on all the Stars,  
That lie in the Starry Way.  
I've got to fly and ride the sky  
For this is my Busy Day  
    To Write Starry Insurance.

## MY CHRISTMAS DAY

They ask me am I very lonely?

Pray, how will I spend the day,  
You have no one really with you,  
All your dear ones are far away.

Many gaps the years are making,  
In the ranks of friends you used to know,  
We know that you are really lonely  
Come, come, now you've got to go.

Where the Christmas tree is shining  
All aglow with cheery candle-light,  
Where the children are all gathered  
Brimming over with the child's delight,  
At the tree and all its wonders  
For this is Christmas Night.

I thank and thank them truly,  
For their sweet and kindly thought of me,  
Smile at them and whisper, I have a Christmas tree.

'Tis surrounded by a throng of happy faces,  
At its base presents lying, scattered everywhere,  
For my friends are smiling happy without any thought  
of care.

They bid me, bid me welcome, such a welcome,  
These dear friends, loved friends of olden times.  
'Tis a picture of a memory, this Christmas Tree of mine.  
So I keep my Christmas lonely, if you wish to call it so,  
But I don't forget the present, I send gifts to all I know.  
But I await the return of Christmas as it comes each  
year to me,

And I join my loved ones and old comrades around our  
Christmas tree,  
And I tell them what is doing in the world each Christ-  
mastide,

They love it and they like it, they would not miss it or  
be denied

All the news I have to tell them, so the Christmas hours  
they slip away,

Till we bid good night and whisper, Good-bye till Christ-  
mas Day!

“K. C.—CASEY”

We all know De Wolf Hopper and Casey at the Bat,  
And now there's another one who's greater far than that,  
Go ask the Boys about him, who've been across the sea,  
The “Knights of Columbus” is the “K. C.” now for me.

Good luck to you, Mr. K. C. ;  
Europe knows you are a Man ;  
America is rightly proud of you,  
And the Things for which you stand.

Call on us as a People,  
You'll find us backing you,  
Because you are an American,  
One Hundred per cent through and through

K. C., K. C., K. C., a Friend to all,  
If you're stranded, down and out or broken, just on “K. C.”  
make a call.  
He stands by everybody, regardless of color, race or creed,  
You'll find the New “K. C.” a true friend in every need.

## NEW YORK

Glorious, wonderful City of Delight,  
Where Optimism reigns, morning, noon and night,  
Where Charity blossoms as the Rose,  
Nor do Givers oft their name disclose.  
Where Music, Poetry, Drama and the Arts  
Have patrons and an open mart.

### NEW YORK!

Here Science holds her mighty sway,  
Here unselfish surgeons, doctors night and day,  
Give gladly of their very best—give their all,  
So disease and death shall not the race enthrall.  
City ever quick wherever strikes the blow of pain,  
To speed help and sympathy, nor do you speed in vain,

### NEW YORK!

By Nature blest with the glorious Hudson rolling by  
Crowned by thy buildings towering high against the sky,  
While the mighty liners lie safely at thy piers;  
Who does not thrill as one list'ning hears  
The throbbing of thy mighty, yes, mighty heart?  
Who is not proud to be of thee just one little part?

### NEW YORK!

New York, New York, great city of many races,  
With thy people come from near, come from far off places  
Let none traduce thee. Let none thee, New York, defame,  
For glorious thou art—yes, glorious and great of name.  
Wherever the sun doth set each day and rise  
There art thou praised and lauded to the skies  
By thankful people, wonderful, charitable, optimistic

### NEW YORK.

## THE WIRE ROPE

Have you ever seen the Red Billet Glow?  
Have you ever watched the Wire Rope grow?  
If you haven't—come—come with me  
To the Mills where the men work, and see.

'Tis a Job of danger and takes a Man.  
A slip, a fault, and you're forever gone,  
So read the words I am about to write—  
Listen—listen to the Wire Roper's Song:

My mother is a Billet of Hard, Hard Steel,  
And hard, hard things she had to feel,  
For amid the frenzy of fire I was born  
And from her arms I was roughly torn.

For the day I was born I became a man,  
Ready to take my place, ready to stand  
The Strain that comes to a mighty bridge,  
Or meet the German attack at Vimy Ridge.

Or Harder Still, I was sunk in the Sea,  
So that all the world should know by me  
The Depth Bombs held securely fast and tight  
In the North Sea conquered the Submarine and won the  
fight.

I am no crude thing, but a child of science and skill,  
Made I am and fashioned by a master's will,  
So when you see me, no matter where I may be,  
**I am the Wire Rope, the Wire Rope of Land and Sea.**















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